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PORKEY

An Arkansas Razorback





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P O R K E Y

PORKEY
An Arkansas Razorback

Story and Pictures
By
JAMES L. LOCKHART



JUNIOR PRESS BOOKS
ALBERT WHITMAN
& CO
CHICAGO
1939

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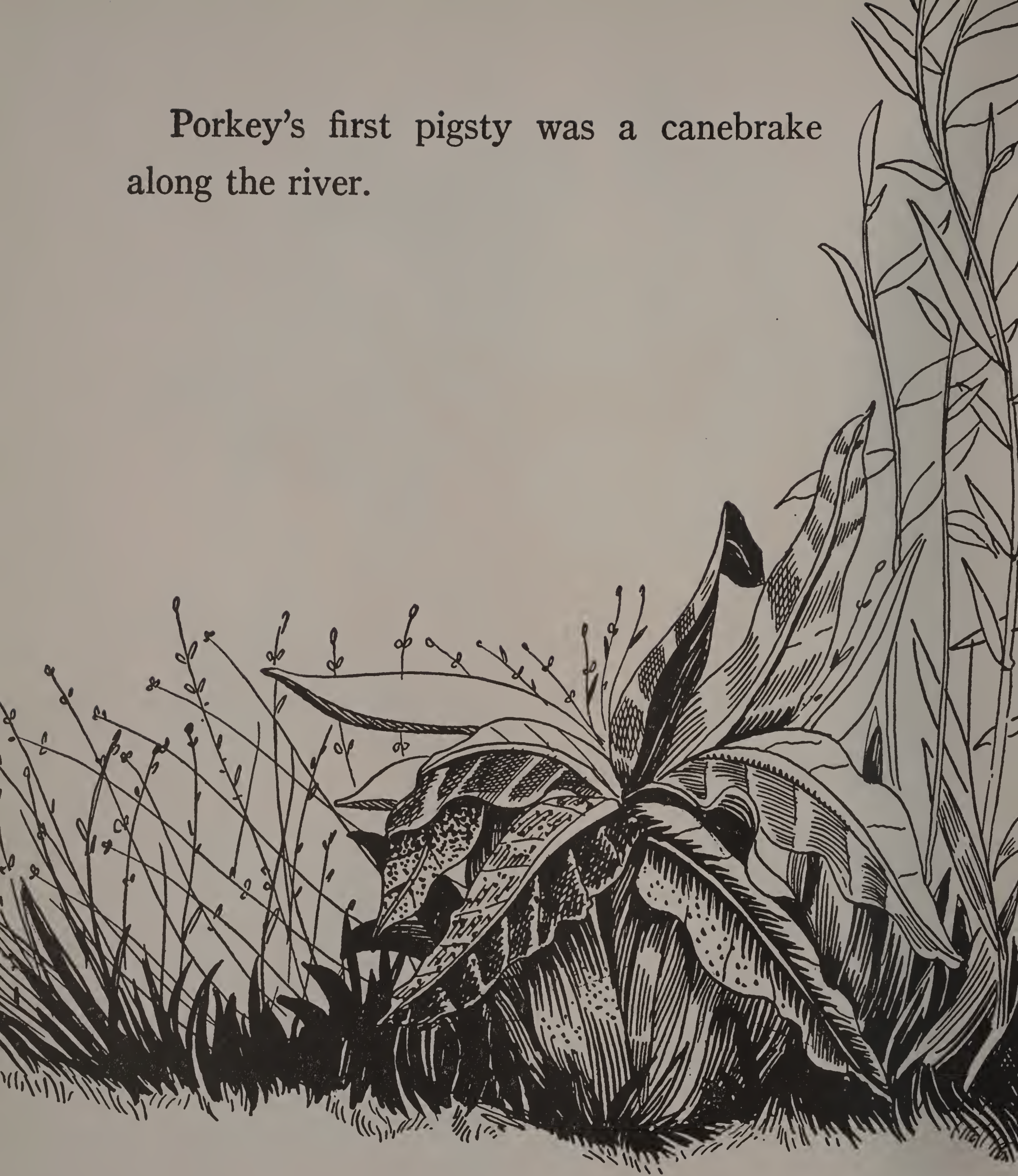
The author wishes to acknowledge his thanks to
INEZ WAHL TYLER
for her suggestions in the preparation of this story.





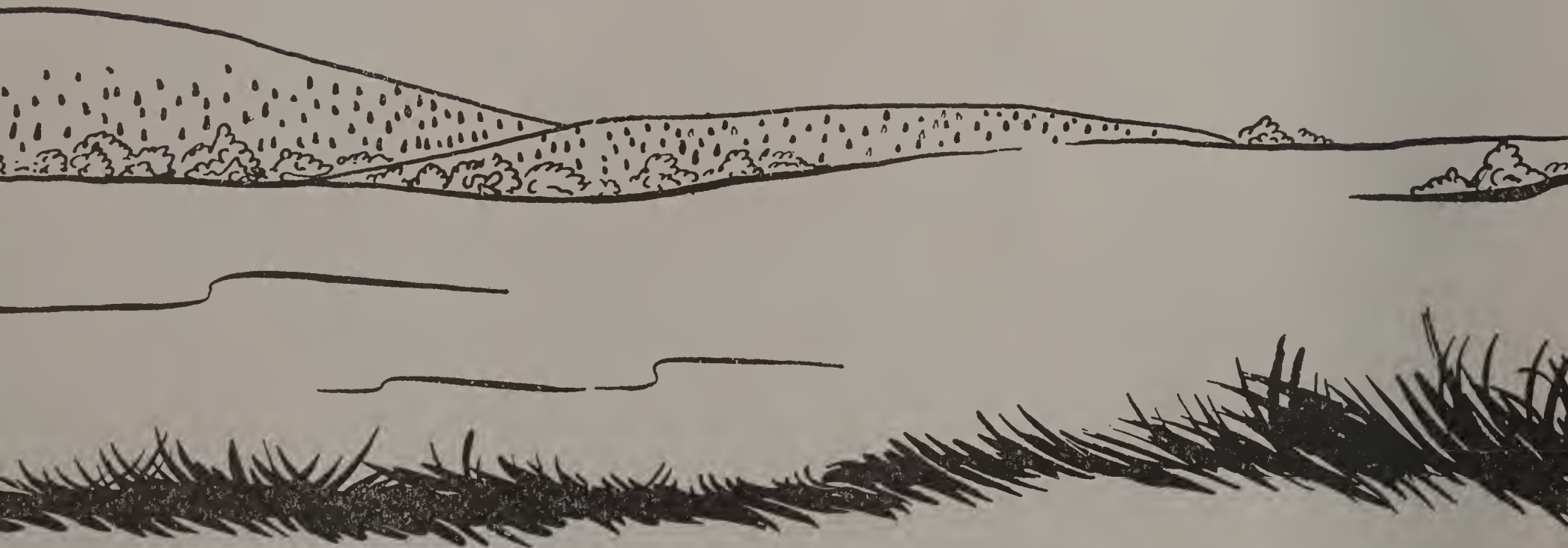
Near the miry banks of the Arkansas River, a little razorback pig was born. It isn't just right to say that Porkey was the black pig of the litter, for he had a long, white face and large pointed ears.

Porkey's first pigsty was a canebrake
along the river.





His mother, an old sow, was mighty proud of him. While nursing Porkey she often grunted very softly, "You are my favorite little razorback."





Porkey grew bigger and bigger. He tagged after his mother through the persimmon and acorn woods, and soon learned to root for himself.



Every day he rooted a little farther away from his mother. She warned him about the bad woodsmen who catch little razorbacks. But Porkey didn't listen. Then she said, "Look out or you'll get caught and be barbecued and eaten." But Porkey was very pig-headed and didn't mind his mother. He did not know what she meant by barbecued.



One day Porkey's mother ate a bad acorn which made her sick. At that time, Porkey was away searching for a new lob-lolly. A lob-lolly is a pig's wallowing place. So when Porkey tried to sneak back, his mother was irritated and she spanked him.

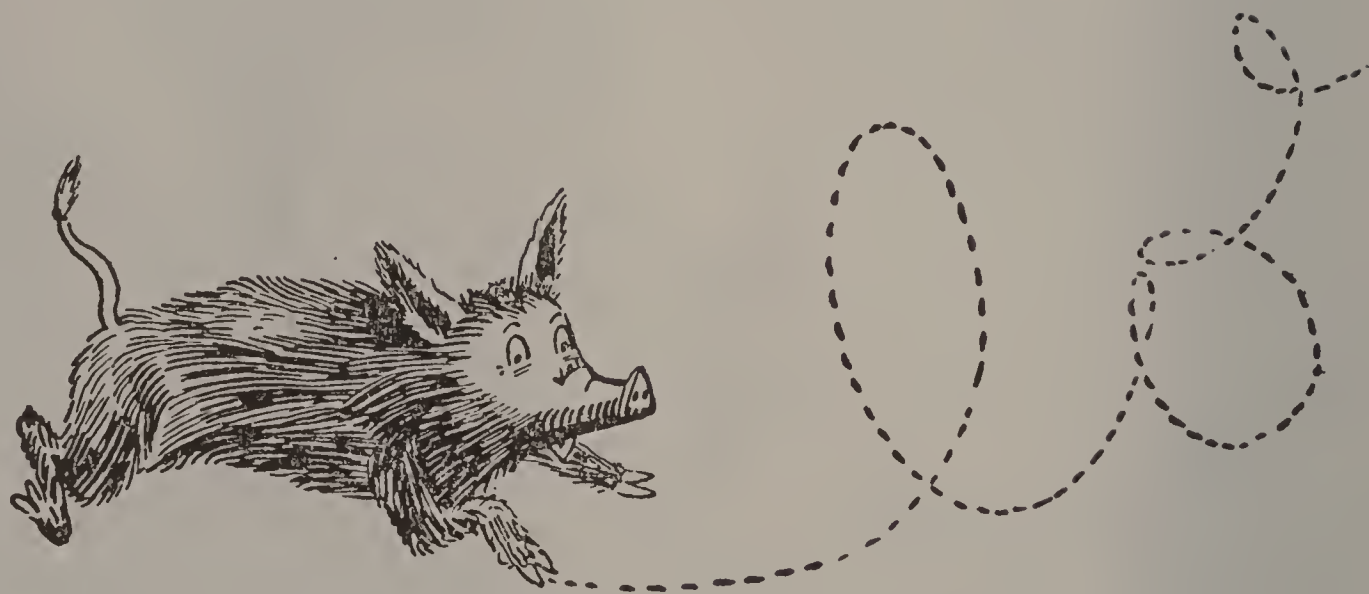




Porkey felt very sorry for himself and grunted, "I won't be a mother's pet, nor any plain hog. I'll be a great razorback." Like many other little pigs, Porkey thought of running away. He had always hankered to see the other side of the great hills that bordered the river.



Porkey rooted farther and farther into the brushwood, and on into the deep dark forest. He ran this way and that. Then he rested, and he ran some more.





At last bad Porkey was so tired that he sat down by a big stump and sulked. The trees were whoppers — about a mile high, or so they seemed to Porkey.



Porkey was lost. He was scared, and hungry, too. The red ground was rocky and hard. "If only the dirt were mushy and soft like my lob-lolly along the river," said Porkey sadly.





Porkey pined in the twilight for his kinfolk. He didn't even see the boy who was standing behind him holding a sack. But when he felt the sack all around him, Porkey was truly a pig in a poke. The boy was in the woods after nuts, but decided that he would rather have Porkey than nuts.

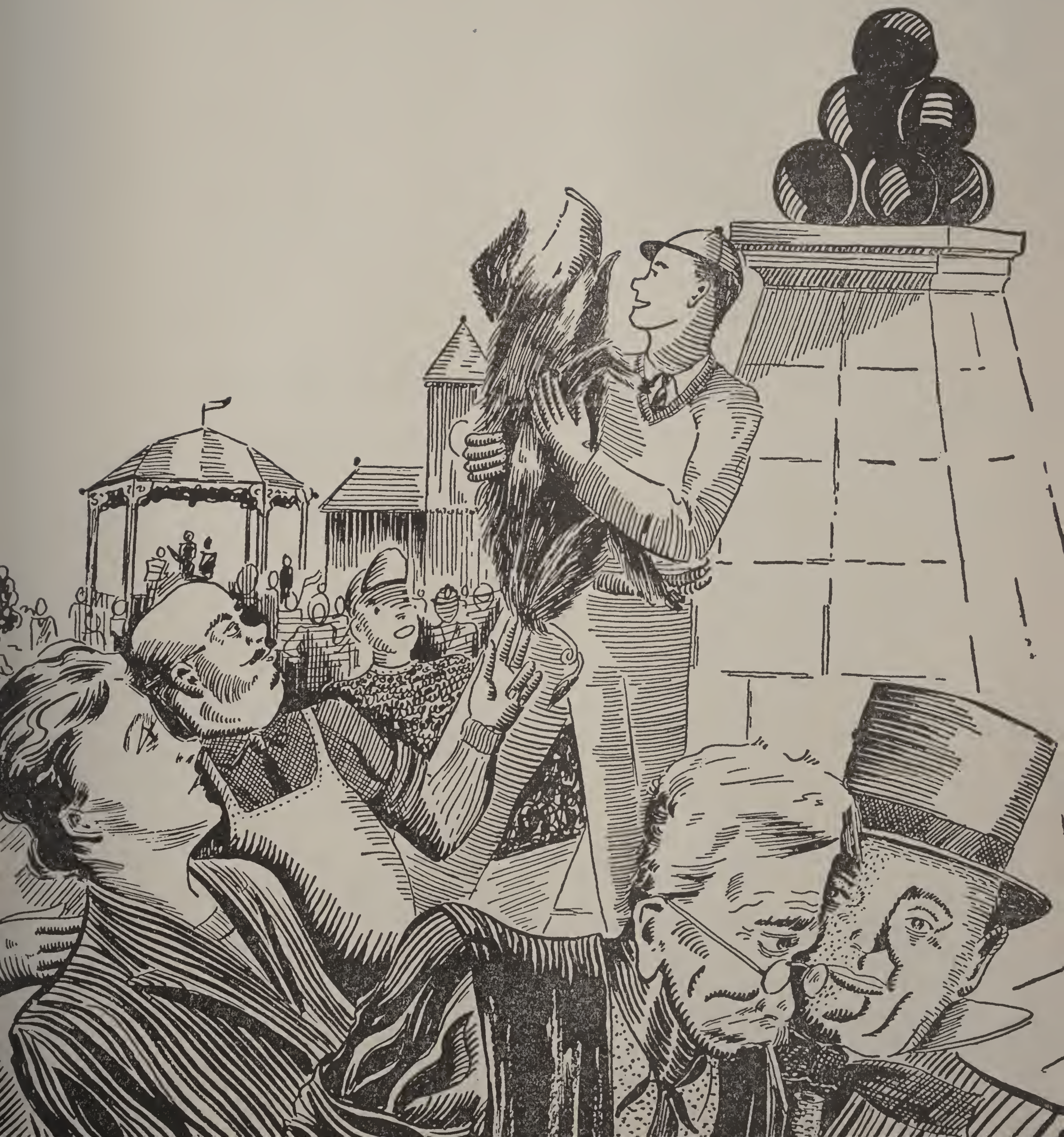


After looking at Porkey the boy said, "Never have I seen such a funny pig, such a long snout and such a sharp razorback." Porkey didn't know he was any different from any other pig. The boy was very proud of his catch and he said to Porkey, "The whole town shall see you, my funny pig."



The court house square was chock-full of folks when the boy appeared with Porkey. The students were gathered for a “pep” meeting for the coming football game. Everybody swarmed around the boy to look at the pig. A little girl with pig-tailed hair squealed when she saw him.





Then the butcher came to look. When he saw Porkey, he was only mildly interested, "Just a few pounds of bacon," he said.



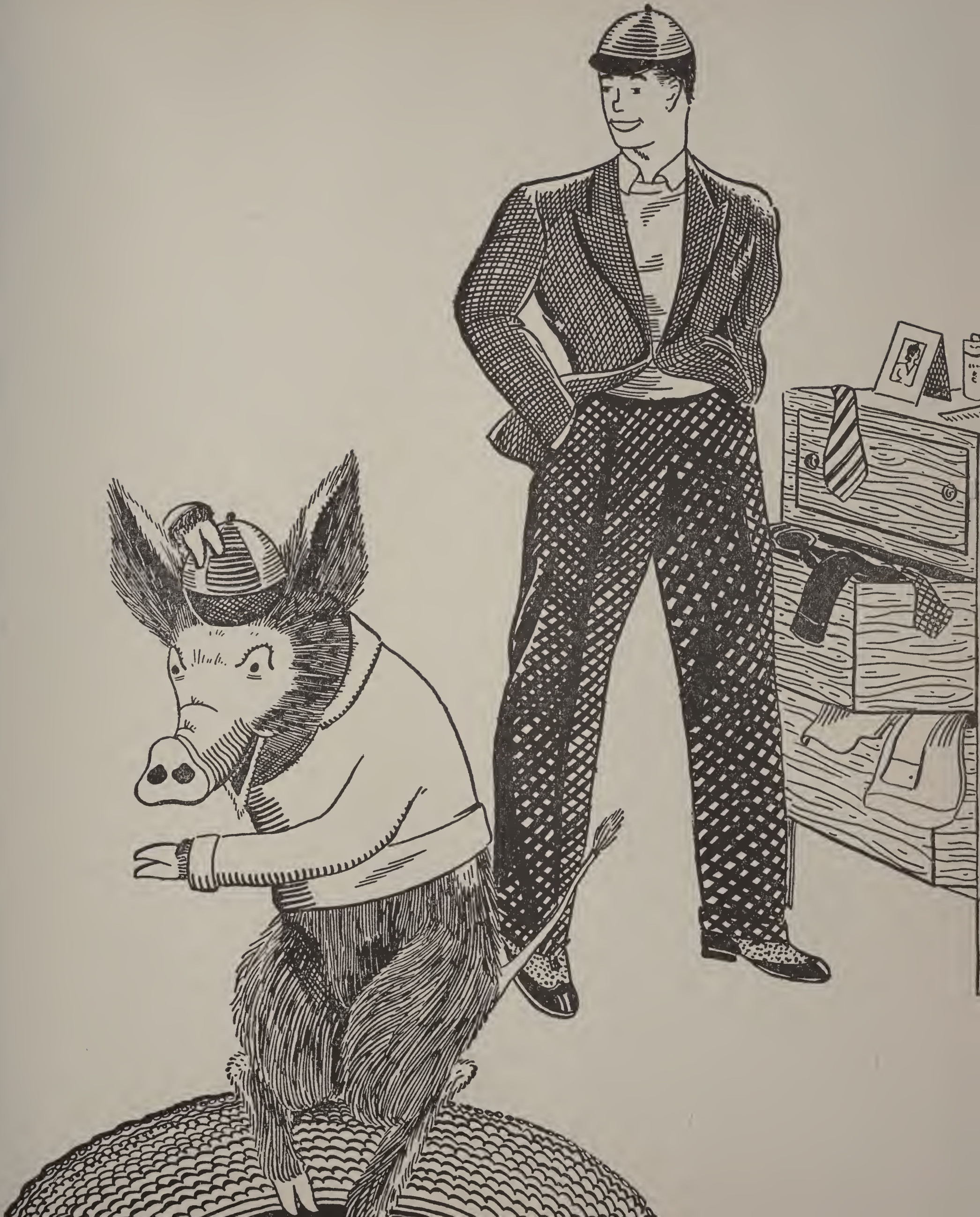
Just then the University band marched down the street. With football in the air, everybody forgot the little pig. Folks turned away to watch the “pep” parade.



Somebody said, "Why, he can kick a pigskin sixty yards." "Whew," said Porkey, plumb frightened. He didn't want to be kicked sixty yards. How should he know that a pigskin is a football?



The boy who caught Porkey was a freshman at the University and he had to wear a green cap. So he dressed Porkey up and gave him a green cap.



Then he took him for a walk on the campus. Porkey felt quite out of place and quite unhappy about the whole affair.



At last it was the day of the big Homecoming football game. It was truly a great day in the town. Flags and pennants filled the air and people came from far and near to see the game. Beautiful girls, mountaineers, former students—all filed into the stadium. Bands and players were on the field.



Boldly some of the older students took
Porkey from his master.



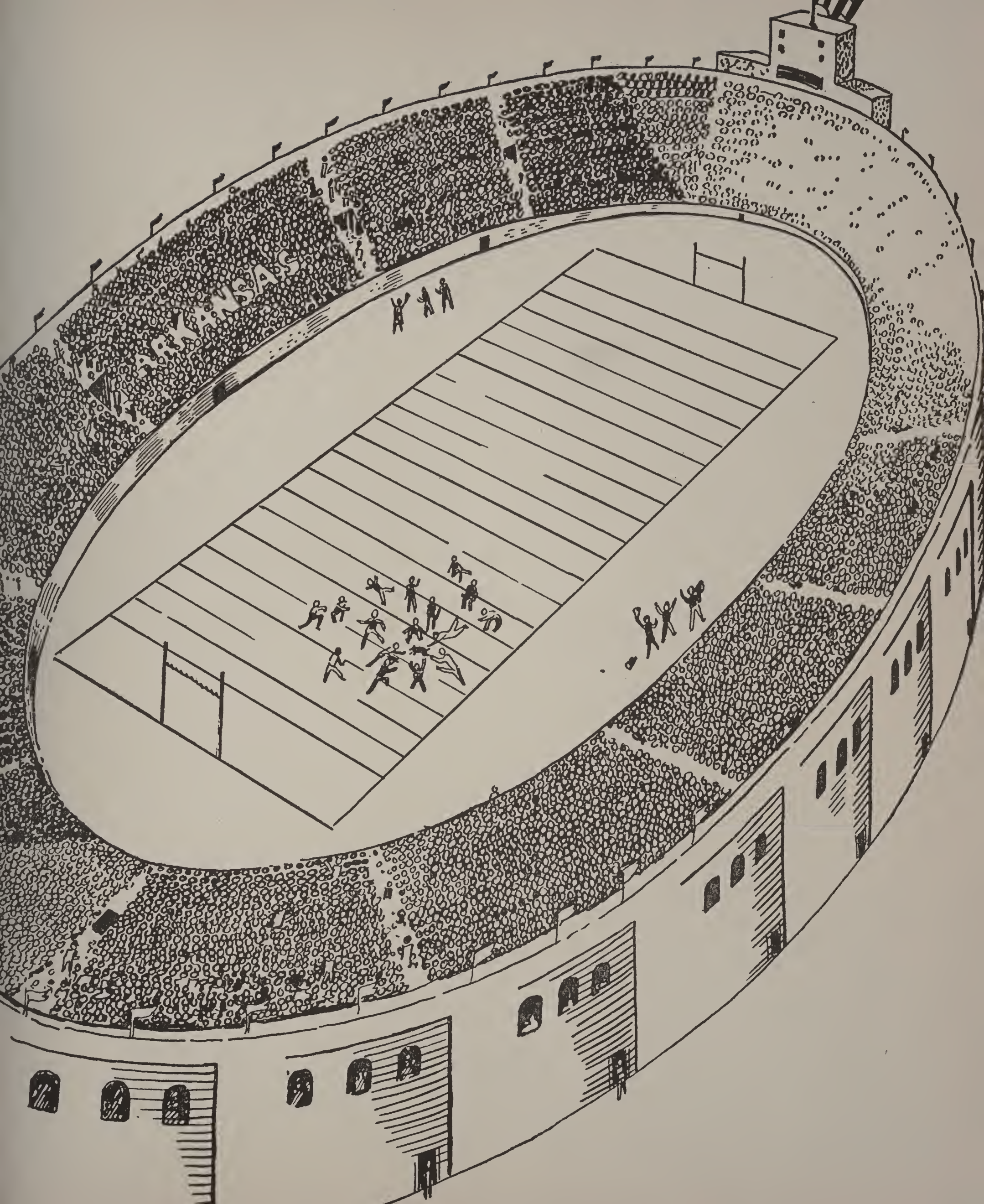
They took off his green cap and shaved off all his hair and bristles. Then they greased him from head to foot with lard.



Porkey was mortified!



When the first half of the game was over they took Porkey on to the field. Some of the freshmen were ordered to catch the little greased pig. Porkey ran in, out, around and around. Freshmen tumbled all over the field. Everybody except Porkey's master laughed to see the sport.



Nobody could hold greasy Porkey. Now poor Porkey was indeed sad and how he wished for his peaceful lob-lolly.



When the second half of the game was almost ready to start Porkey was still running around the gridiron. By this time Porkey was beginning to enjoy himself. It was like the games he used to play with his brothers and sisters. The rival teams ran on to the field.



The players saw Porkey and one of them yelled, "I'll tackle the ham." Then his teammates tried to catch the greased pig. They chased Porkey in every direction. Porkey ran about like greased lightning. Now it was time for the game to resume. But Porkey was still on the field.



Porkey's master called "Soo-ee, Soo-ee,"
and went onto the field with Porkey's green
cap.



Porkey recognized his master's voice and
was quite willing to leave the field with him.





Porkey's team played as hard and as furiously as it could and won the game. What a day for the University. Porkey was called the lucky mascot and was credited with the victory.



The cheering section roared, "RAH, RAH, RAH FOR PORKEY." The crowd all jumped up and down with joy. Throwing their caps high into the air, they yelled:

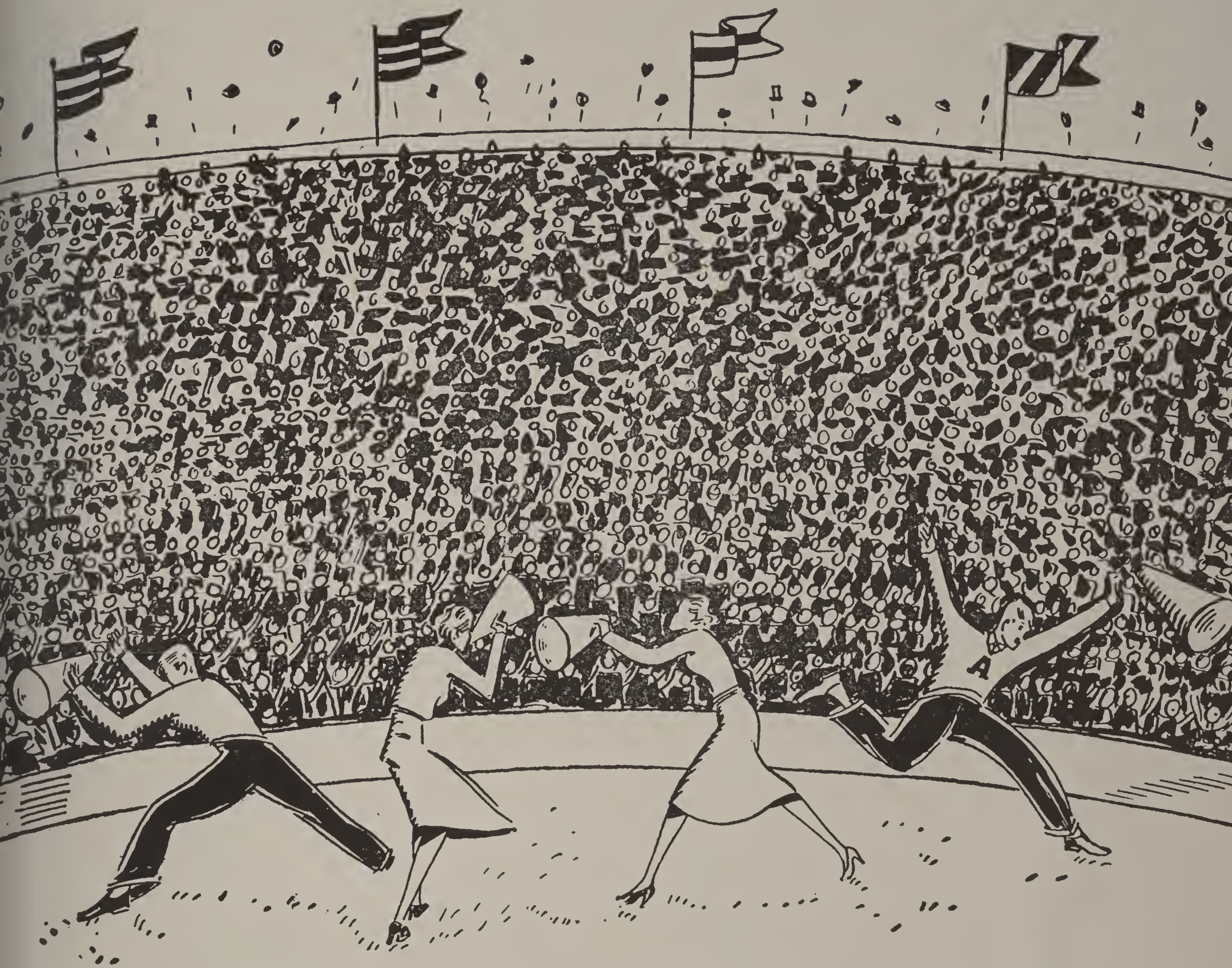
Whoo—Porkey!

Whoo—Pigs!

Whoo—Pigs!

R-A-Z-O-R-B-A-C-K-S!

Everybody hailed Porkey the hero of the day. But Porkey was unhappy now. His game was over and he didn't want to be a hero. He longed for his kinfolk and his peaceful lob-lolly down by the river. But the students were happy and they elected Porkey as their regular mascot.



And this is how the razorback pig became
the emblem of spirit at the University.



The End

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